

## Time Is The Distance

Deviates

It seems like I've been here one thousand times before.  
One thousand times everyday and I still beg for more.  
Not far from here I'll find myself,  
but time is the distance from that feeling.  
I can't take it.  
These beatings I give to myself have got to stop,  
but I need your help.  
My better half is the half that I hide and I'm trying hard not  
to let this go.  
Your words are healing but they're burning me up inside.  
I'd love to taste, I'd love to feel and share that life.  
Her I am I think I've said too much again.  
You're too real and I can't take it.  
Have we gone too far or maybe not far enough?  
So many walls in our way and it's not a surprise to me that this  
. .  
Right in front of me I see the rest of me, I see the rest of my  
life.  
And so again I beg for that beating,  
and when received I won't release- It's so healing.  
Caged inside I hide myself from all life.  
I've cried one thousand times I don't want to be alone again.  
I want to know myself; I want to be your friend.  
I think I'd die without that feeling once again.  
I know I'd die without that feeling once again.  
I'd die without that feeling once again,  
I'd quit this all to have that feeling never end.